

THE CALEDONIAN.

BY A. G. CHADWICK.

ST. JOHNSBURY, VT., SEPTEMBER 26, 1837.

VOL. I. NO. 8.

TERMS—The CALEDONIAN will be published weekly at \$2.00 per annum, or at \$1.50 if paid in advance. If payment is made within six months from the time of subscribing it will be received in advance pay. No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

Advertisements will be inserted for the customary prices. Persons are requested to state the number of weeks they wish their advertisements published, otherwise they will be inserted till forbidden and charged accordingly.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Philadelphia U. S. Gazette. A REASON FOR DRUNKENNESS.

BY JOSEPH R. CHANDLER.

Nearly forty years ago we were sitting on a rock that jutted out towards the Plymouth bay a slight breeze swept up the channel and rippled its current—far off, but between the two projecting capes, was the line of the horizon resting on the blue circle of the multitudinous sea. There was nothing to disturb the scene—it was the hour of noon—and silence reigned along the shore, and within the habitations, because the stable is there blessed before enjoyed, and the invocation, if it bring not down the spirit which it seeks, lifts up the heart which it reaches.

We had been despatched, that day, with the dinner basket and the bottle, to the man laboring among the rocks, and gathering the debris of the shore. In those days piety herself proffered the glass, and temperance solaced herself with the regular cup.

The man had busied himself with his fare, but he tendered to us a portion of his food—we declined it having already dined.

"I will not offer you any thing from the bottle," said he, "it is bad, very bad for the young, and worse for the old. Never touch it Joseph, as you hope for respect in life."

Let us say, that the speaker was the son of one of the most respectable persons in the country—had been well educated, and started in manhood with a competency—but took to rum. From one grade to another, he had gone down to the rank of a common laborer in the town of his birth, and earned a miserable living for a wife and numerous children, by the most menial offices, and went home beasted drunk whenever he could get rum enough to make him intoxicated. He was a lost man, a miserable object.

"Never touch it," said he, "as you hope for respect in life. It is deadly poison, palsying all physical and mental powers—with its use, man is a brute, a slave to every one who wishes to command him—without it, temperate and industrious, he may be what he pleases."

"No man can hope for respect who indulges in rum—but temperate, and with the education to be acquired in our schools, he must grow up in the respect of his fellow men, and in time, must obtain a competency. Indulge in this," and he held to the sun the half-emptied bottle, "and shame, poverty, and toil follow; avoid it, and you may command the services of every one that sins in this way; may you never be thus commanded."

The man had been a sot proverbially, from our earliest remembrance, and though we knew he possessed a spirit of kindness towards others we had never heard him thus refer to the sin that most easily beset him. We gazed, therefore, for some time upon him, before we ventured a reply: at length we said, in a tone marked rather by affectionate solicitude, than the forwardness of boyish impertinence—"If respect is only found by avoiding excess in drinking, why then do we see so many forfeiting that respect?" Mr. — looked a little confused, but he was soon prepared with a reply.

"It is, perhaps, because they have no one to point out to them their errors."

"But," said we, "some know their own errors, and can point out the consequences to others. Why do they not avoid them?"

A cloud passed across the face of the poor man—but it was a feeling of pain, not of anger. He rose from the ground on which he was sitting and standing a few moments by my side, his feelings subsided to the calmness of the delightful bay upon which we were looking.

"You ask," said he, "why they do not avoid the evil consequences of rum. Alas! you are too young to know the influence of appetite when the means of gratification are within reach. You cannot know how desolating to every heart is the spirit of intemperance. At times, it seems that good resolves will spring up, but the temptation is not removed, the evil is repeated; could there be found some powerful influence, some humane being to remove the sufferer from the plague, to raise him above the attack, he would perhaps, be saved; but who shall do it?"

"Look along this shore, nearly its whole extent is marked by barren sand, or abraded pebbles—not a spire of grass shoots up; for every tide washes the whitened surface; and should there at any time spring up beyond us a few green spots of herbage, the acid waters of the returning spring tide would destroy it all. There is far up the bay a single exception. Mr. — has redeemed by cure, a portion of the shore, by shutting out the tide, and elevating the soil, no portion of the salt water now reaches the enclosure, which is as green and flourishing as the upland fields. And just so it is with the drunkard. The poisoned glass returns to his lips, as regular as the tide to this shore. Every house he enters, presents the bitter waters, and thrice a day his employer provokes and gratifies an appetite for the accursed poison, in order to stimulate his muscles to labor. And if a single resolution of abstinence is formed in sickness or in want: it is swept away by the wave of dissipation. When I see the murderous effects of drunkenness, I stand astonished, that those who have got something to lose, should put all at risk upon every day's gratification; if they cannot elevate the fallen above the influence of the waves of intoxication, they might at least, place the feet of their children above the tide."

We were not astonished, child as we were, at the correctness of the man's perceptions. The wonder was that he should have ventured upon expressing them.

"If the effect of drunkenness," said we, "is so injurious, and sobriety is so certain to bring early respect and ultimate wealth: why do we see so many; why, indeed one that knowing these consequences, indulges, in intoxication?"

"Or rather," said the man starting suddenly as

if offended at the question; "why do I continue to drink—why do I go racing through the town every week, mad as a bacchanal, and drunk as a brute; why do I destroy every germ of rational pride and every claim to human respect by swilling at the bottle, until the very dogs bark at me as I reel along the road, or seek a lodging beneath the shelter of a friendly wall? Why is my wife born to something better, and my children, who are ruined by my example, disgraced and half starved by my cursed habits? This is what you ask; you mean to enquire, why I make a drunkard, a beast of myself, while I caution you against the crime."

We stepped backward, somewhat startled at the force of appeal, and the truth of his application—but we did not deny that his own case was in our mind when we made the enquiry.

The man turned with us towards the beautiful bay whose soft repose seemed to calm his agitation, and soothe the irritation of his mind. He gazed for some time upon the glassy surface as if it reflected back to him the pleasure of his earlier days—full of promise, of honor to himself and comfort to others; at length he said—

"You have heard from your mother and others, all my story which is one of folly; not of crime, as the world reckons it; no man can charge me with even ordinary falsehood which business excuses, if not encourages. My rapid descent was accelerated by the custom which then, as now, prevailed, and my intoxication was the consequence of a single extra cup. I am what you see me, without the ability of knowledge for mechanical labor, and consequently, dependent upon the discharge of the meanest offices for bread. Yet, with a full recollection of all that I was, a consciousness of attainment suited to the enjoyment, if not the acquisition of wealth, it is now impossible for me to do more than earn my board by this menial toil, and it is painful to think that I could have done better."

"When I wake to sobriety, from my most beastly state, I feel that this labor is suited to such a wretch; I lose my self respect, and grow content with degradation—a week's sobriety would make me too proud to gather material for manure from the sea shore, and my family would starve—my drunkenness has steeped my family in poverty, I must not, by sobriety, make them beggars. You do not understand this—you do not know the benefit of destroying all natural pride. May you never attain that forbidden knowledge; but remember that nothing is so effective as intoxication; drunkenness is the perfect destroyer of self-esteem."

The tears that coursed down the cheeks of the poor man, told of awakened feelings, and we felt a hope that some new resolve of good was to be made.

"I have at times thought," said he, "that something might be done to check this torrent of intoxication, and plans have been presented themselves to my mind; once indeed, I spoke of them to one whose station would give importance to his views he only replied, 'I drink only what I need, you drink too much.' There is a way to abate the evil, but what it is I know not—and generations may pass away, the proud be humbled, the rich beggared, and the noble and gallant degraded by drunkenness, before the true remedy will be applied. What that I know not."

The poor man died the tenant of an almshouse, and his auditor lives to see the remedy fully applied in all the circle, at that time, within the knowledge of the two interlocutors.

HORRORS OF CANNIBALISM.

The following horrible account of cannibalism, as practiced by the Battas, an extensive and populous nation of Sumatra, is extracted from the "Memoirs of Sir Stamford Raffles." The account is represented to come from so high an authority that there can be no question as to its correctness.

"A man had been found guilty of a very common crime, and was sentenced to be eaten, according to the law of the land; this took place close to Tappanooly; the Resident was invited to attend—he declined; but his assistant and a native officer were present. As soon as they reached the spot, they found a large assemblage of people, and the criminal tied to a tree with his hands extended. The minister of justice, who was himself a chief of some rank, then came forward with a large knife in his hand, which he brandished as he approached the victim. He was followed by a man bearing a dish, in which was a preparation of condiment, composed of limes, chillis, and salt, called by the Malays, sambul. He then called aloud for the injured person and demanded what part he chose; he replied the right ear, which was immediately cut off, and delivered to the party, who, turning round to the man behind, deliberately dipped it into the sambul and devoured it; the rest of the party then fell upon the body, each taking and eating the part most to his liking. After they had cut off a considerable part of the flesh, one man stabbed him to the heart; but this was rather out of compliment to the foreign visitors, as it is by no means the custom to give the coup de grace."

"It was with a knowledge of all these facts regarding the Battas that I paid a visit to Tappanooly, with a determination to satisfy my mind most fully in every thing concerning cannibalism. I had previously set on foot extensive inquiries, and so managed matters as to concentrate the information, and to bring the point within a narrow compass."

"You shall now hear the result; but before I proceed, I must beg of you to have a little more patience than you had with Mr. Mariner. I recollect, then, when you come to the story of eating the aunt, you threw the book down. Now I can assure your Grace that I have ten times more to report, and you must believe me. I have said the Battas are not a very bad people, and still think so, notwithstanding they eat one another, and relish the flesh of a man better than

that of an ox or a pig. You must merely consider that I am giving you an account of a novel state of society. The Battas are not savages, for they write and read, and think full as much, and more than those who are brought up at our Lancasterian and national schools. They also have codes of laws of great antiquity, and it is from a regard for these laws, and a veneration for the institutions of their ancestors, that they eat each other; the law declares that for certain crimes, four in number, the criminal shall be eaten alive. The same law declares also that in great wars, that is to say, one district with another, it shall be lawful to eat the prisoners, whether taken alive dead, or in their graves."

"In the four great cases of crimes, the criminal is also duly tried and condemned by a competent tribunal. When the evidence is heard, sentence is pronounced, and the chiefs drink a draught each, which last ceremony is equivalent to signing and sealing, with us. Two or three days then elapsed to give time for assembling the people, and in cases of adultery it is not allowed to carry the sentence into effect unless the relations of the wife appear and partake of the feast. The prisoner is then brought forward on the day appointed, and fixed to a stake with hands extended."

The husband or party injured, comes and takes the first choice, generally the ears; the rest then, according to their rank, take the choice pieces, each helping himself according to his liking. After all have partaken, the chief person goes up and cuts off the head, which he carries home as a trophy. The head is hung up in front of the house, and the brains are carefully preserved in a bottle, for the purposes of witchcraft, &c. In devouring the flesh it is sometimes eaten raw, and sometimes grilled, but it must be eaten on the spot."

"Limes, salt, and pepper are always in readiness, and they sometimes eat rice with the flesh, but never drink toddy or spirits; many carry bamboos with them, and filling them with blood, drink it off. The assembly consists of men alone, as the flesh is prohibited to the females; it is said, however, that they get a bit by stealth now and then. I am assured, and really do believe, that many of the people prefer human flesh to any other; but notwithstanding this penchant, they never indulge the appetite except on lawful occasions. The palms of the hands, and the soles of the feet, are the delicacies of epicures. On expressing my surprise at the continuance of such extraordinary practices, I was told that formerly it was usual for the people to eat their parents when they were too old for work. The old people selected the horizontal branch of a large tree, and quietly suspended themselves by their hands, while their children and neighbors, forming a circle, danced round them crying out—'When the fruit is ripe, then it will fall.' As soon as the victims became fatigued, and could hold on no longer, they fell down, when all hands cut them off, and made a hearty meal of them. This practice took place during the season of limes, when salt and pepper were plentiful: of late years, however, it has been abandoned, and thus a step in civilization has been attained, and therefore there are hopes of future improvement."

"This state of society you will admit to be very peculiar. It is calculated that certainly not less than from sixty to one hundred persons are thus eaten in a year in the time of peace."

CONSUMPTION.—Edward C. Cooper, a gentleman who has retired from medical practice, gives in the New York Commercial Advertiser, a mode of treatment for disease of the lungs, which in an experience of more than twelve years, he found generally effective in curing consumptive patients.

The treatment, says he, is the administration of sulphate of copper in nauseating doses, combined with gum ammoniac; given so as to nauseate, but not ordinarily to produce full vomiting; the usual dose for this purpose is about half a grain, and five grains of the respective ingredients, in a tea-spoon-full of water, to be taken, at first twice, and in the convalescent stages once a day.

In cases of chronic bronchitis a gargle of the sulphate of copper alone is superadded. In this latter form of consumption, this treatment almost invariably suspends the hectic symptoms in a few days, and the disease rapidly advances to its final cure.

In cases of the more proper forms of consumption, the treatment must be intermitted frequently and again returned to; and whenever soreness of the chest or other symptoms of inflammatory action exist, the treatment should be suspended; as in the chronic state alone that the remedy is either useful, that state in which the cough, and the general system is sympathetically involved becomes the more prominent symptom, and the success of the treatment depends chiefly on the breaking up this sympathetic action of the diseased lung, on the more healthy tone of the stomach, and increasing its digestive powers, and likewise causing, during nauseating action, a more active and healthy circulation of blood through the lungs. Its curative powers are more immediately attributed to these effects of its action. But theory apart, the treatment is presented based on more than ten years experience of its curative advantages, in the proper treatment of diseases of mucous purulent and purulent expectoration.

From the Boston Mercantile Journal. ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

We will frankly acknowledge that until lately we have regarded the wonderful stories told of the powers of Animal Magnetism, as emanating from credulity and imposture—and the course pursued by Monsieur Poyen, in his exhibitions, and his reluctance to furnish facilities for investigating the whole matter thoroughly, by scientific men, strengthened us in our opinions. We have occasionally heard reports of curious, and what we very naturally conceived to be, incredible occurrences, as having taken place at Providence, in relation to this subject, but have believed that the cases were much exaggerated, or that there was some ingenious imposture at the bottom—and that certain of the worthy public had been most egregiously duped. But within a few weeks, circumstances have occurred, which, if they have not caused us to retract the opinions which we have formerly expressed, have induced us to pause, and ponder deeply before we come to any definite conclusion in relation to the subject of Animal Magnetism. The facts which we refer to were not witnessed by us, but by several gentlemen of this city, of respectable standing, superior intelligence and undoubted veracity. They were also witnessed individually, and at different times—and are of a nature so astounding, that we hardly know what to say to them. There could not possibly be any imposition on the part of the magnetiser or the somnambulist; and the high character of the gentlemen under whom the experiments were performed, would forbid the idea of any deception on their part. The nature of these experiments, we repeat, were truly astounding. Places many miles distant were visited by the persons (in imagination) while under the magnetic influence; places which the individuals never visited when awake, and objects faithfully described, even to the furniture of the kitchen, bed-room, and parlor—and also the dress and appearance of the inmates of the dwelling at the time, and their different occupations—all which were afterwards proved to be correct! These things cannot be accounted for on any known principle of nature—and but few can be expected to believe in the existence of such a marvellous power, without the most conclusive demonstration.

The editor of the Nantucket Inquirer has lately declared his belief in the wonders of Animal Magnetism, and a number of scientific men in this State and Rhode Island, have also given in their adhesion to this wonderful "science," if it may so be called, and are now making investigations into its character, and studying its peculiar phenomena. Col. Stone, the editor of the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser, who we believe has never been charged with credulity—and who has heretofore viewed the whole matter as an egregious humbug, now avows his belief in all which its advocates claim for it. The following is an editorial article published in the N. Y. Commercial of Monday afternoon:

ANIMAL MAGNETISM.—We have had our time and times of laughing at Animal Magnetism. We shall laugh at it no more. There is something awfully mysterious in the principle, beyond the power of man to fathom or explain. Being in Providence on Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, the 26th, 27th, and 28th of August, an opportunity was afforded us of seeing and taking part in a series of experiments, with a young blind lady, while under the Magnetic influence, the results of which were not only marvellous in our eyes, but absolutely astounding. The exhibition was not public, and the parties were all people of the first respectability, professional and otherwise. Having heard much upon the subject, and disbelieved all, the experiments were made before a private circle of ladies and gentlemen, at our own urgent solicitation.

We have written a narrative of the circumstances, comprising some fifty or sixty pages of foolscap; and we venture to say that nothing hitherto published upon that subject, is so wonderful by far, as the acts of which we were witnesses—all of which we saw and part of which were. We shall publish our narrative, on taking it to Providence for examination, provided we can obtain permission of the parties—who have hitherto avoided publications or public exhibitions.

One surprising incident we will mention. On Sunday while we were in Providence, a small package was received from Mr. Stephen Covill, of Troy, containing, as he wrote to his friend, a note which he wished Miss B. to read while under the magnetic influence, without breaking the seal, if she could. Mr. C. had been induced to try this experiment, in consequence of having heard of extraordinary performances of the kind,—which of course he doubted. The package, or letter, was evidently composed of several envelopes. The outer one was composed of thick blue paper. On Sunday evening, Miss B., who, it must be borne in mind, when awake is blind, was put into a magnetic slumber, and the letter given to her with instructions to read it. She said she would take it to bed with her, and read it before morning. On Monday morning, she gave the reading as follows:

"No other than the eye of Omnipotence can read this, in this envelopment.—1837."

We made a memorandum of this reading, and examined the package containing, as she said, the sentence. She said, then, on Monday morning, that there were one or two words between the word "envelopment" and the date, as we understood her which she could not make out. We examined the seal with the closest scrutiny. The seal of Mr. Covill was unbroken, and to turn the letter, or read it without opening, with human eyes, was impossible.

After our return to the city, viz: on Wednesday last, we addressed a letter to Mr. Covill, to

ascertain whether the reading of the blind somnambulist was correct. The following is his reply:

"Troy, Sept. 1, 1837.
"Dear Sir—Yours of yesterday I received by this morning's mail, and as to your enquiry relative to the package submitted to Miss B. while under the magnetic influence, I have to say the package came to hand yesterday. The sentence had been written by a friend, and sealed by him at my request, and in such a manner as was supposed could not have been read by any human device, without breaking the seal. We think the seals have not been broken until returned. The sentence as read by Miss B. is—'No other than the eye of Omnipotence can read this, in this envelopment.—1837.'—and as written in the original, on a card, and another card placed on the face of the writing, and enclosed in a thick blue paper envelope, was—'No other than the eye of Omnipotence can read this sentence, in this envelopment.' Troy, New York, Aug. 1837."

"Respectfully, yours, &c.
"STEPHEN COVILL."

P. S. We have just received a note from Providence, with permission to publish our own narrative. But as it is very long, and equally complex and wonderful, we shall first take it to Providence, for the examination of those who were present on the occasion: our aim is scrupulous exactness. We also left a note for the blind lady to read, sealed with seven seals. We have received it this morning, the seals unbroken, with answer written on the outside. This answer is correct as far as it goes. We were in great haste at the time of preparing the note, and having the old title of a queer old book in our pocket, printed in a small italic letter, we wrote a part of the note with a pencil, and stuck two and a half lines of the small italic printing with a wafer. The note, written and printed, as we left it was in these words:

"The following is the title, equally quaint and amusing, of a book which was published in England, in the time of Oliver Cromwell:—'Eggs of Charity, laid by the Chickens of the Covenant, and boiled by the waters of Divine Love.—Take ye and eat.'"

The following is the answer sent by Miss B.—"The following is the title, equally amazing (or amusing) and quaint, of a book published in England in the time of Oliver Cromwell: 'Eggs of Charity.'"

"Miss B. does not know whether the word is amazing or amusing. Something is written after the 'eggs of charity,' which she cannot make out."

Thus much for the present. We make no comments. What we know to be true, we fear not to declare. Facts sustained by the evidence of our own senses, we trust we shall ever have the boldness to publish. In regard to our narration, it is alike wonderful and inexplicable. As Paulding's black witch in Koningsmarke, says—"I've seen what I've seen,—I know what I know."

YELLOW FEVER AT NEW ORLEANS.

The last accounts show that the fever was raging with great violence at New Orleans. The deaths for the present week ending on the 3d September are set down at 218! and for the 3 following days were estimated to be upwards 127! It is stated that the council of the 1st municipality have passed a resolution authorizing the mayor to appoint two physicians and two druggists in each ward, to attend upon the indigent sick, and provide them with medicines. The 2d municipality have not been less liberal. They have appropriated \$2000 to the charitable list, and have authorized the furnishing of medicines to the poor gratis. An association of young gentlemen was about to be formed, with the praiseworthy object of administering to those who might be attacked by the epidemic.

The New Orleans Bulletin of the 8th inst. says that the deaths were not much less than fifty per day! The Louisiana Advertiser estimates the deaths at fifty to sixty daily.

DISTRESS.—The prospect for our city next winter, says the New York Times, is really frightful. Persons well acquainted with the subject estimate that 50,000 persons (male and female) are out of employment, comprising mechanics of every description, laborers, flat trimmers, bookbinders, folders, tailors and seamstresses, &c. &c. Added to this, our provision and coal dealers show no disposition to lay up a store in advance of the close of river navigation—in fact, but few have the means of doing so, and the necessities of life will be scarce and high. Many persons during the summer months obtained sufficient to support life among the farmers, but the harvest is over, and no longer wanted, they try their fortunes again in the cities. What is to become of them God only knows. There is no ideal picture about this.

ACROSTIC.

From the N. H. Statesman.

S hin Plaster party.
H ard Money party.
I ndian War party.
N o Currency party.
P lunder and Riot party.
L iver upon office party.
A nti-Bank party.
S ub Treasury party.
T om Benton party.
E ager for Spoils party.
R eal Rag Baron party.

TWO SORTS OF GIRLS.—The editor of the Orion says—"Lazy rich girls make rich men poor, and industrious poor girls make poor men rich: and yet how many there are who would prefer the former to the latter."

Why do the administration papers speak disparagingly of Oseola, "the copper-colored hero"? If Gen. Jackson was the conqueror of Napoleon's conquerors, is not "the copper-colored hero" the conqueror of the conquerors of Napoleon's conquerors?

At a squirrel shooting which took place recently in Tyler County, Va., thirteen thousand and ninety squirrels were killed. One party killed 6,075, and the other 7,014.